THE LIGHT OF TRUTH

— OR —

SIDDHANTA DEEPIKA.

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TREE OF KNOWLEDGE OF Good and Evil.

The following passages in the book of Genesis have reference to the subject in hand. "And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; *the tree of life* also in the midst of the Garden, and *the tree of knowledge of good and evil*" (ii. 9). "And the Lord God commanded the man saying, 'Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat. But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil *thou shalt not eat of it*: for in the day that *thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die*" (ii. 16 & 17). "And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed" (ii. 25). "And the serpent said unto the woman "Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman *saw the tree was good for food*, that it *was pleasant to the eyes, a tree to be desired to make one wise*, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened and they knew that that they were naked." (iii. 4 to 7). "Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception." "In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." (iii. 16 and 17). "And the Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us to know good and evil; and now lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live for ever. Therefore the Lord God sent him from the Garden of Eden (iii. 22 & 23).

And now we ask what are we to understand by this story? Are we to take it literally, as many would suggest, or are we to leave it as a mystery too deep for words to explain? And yet this is the mystery of mysteries, the original mystery by which we came to be born and to die. An[d are] we to leave this unexplained? If we ca[n]

a clue to our birth and death, can we not thereby unravel secrets by which we can surely prevent our death and rebirth and gain ever lasting life. And surely there must be an explanation, for the words Tree of life, and Tree of knowledge of good and evil cannot be mistaken in their real import, and these cannot be identified with any earthly tree actually in existence. The Tree here is clearly a metaphor signifying the soul's True Being in freedom (moksha) and its false life in Bhanda, the light and shadow of our human existence. As bound up in the world, the sum of our existence consists in our knowledge of likes and dislikes of what conduces to our pleasure and what gives us pain, and our memory of both as Doctor Bain would define it, the sense of similarity and of difference and retentiveness. That is to say our human knowledge is built up from our very birth of a series of acts and experiences which give us pleasure or pain or makes us indifferent and our sense of them, and Desire and Will are also slowly built up. The greater the easure we fancy a certain act or experience gives us, the more do we *desire* its repetition or continuance; the greater the pain we apprehend from an act, the more do we *hate* its repetition or continuance. But it happens also the greater the pleasure or the pain, the more prolonged its continuance, oftener it is repeated, the pleasure itself palls and we grow callous to the pain. Life may therefore be divided into a series of acts, or a sequence of them, one flowing from another, and close on each, each yielding a certain result or experience or fruit, be it pleasure or pain, good or evil. And God's injunction was that we should not eat the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil or experience the pleasure or pain which will flow from our acts of good and evil in this tree of worldly life.

[illegible] one can ask, why it is we should not [illegible]ent of our inclination, why we should not secure the good in life, and the pleasure and happiness thereof, and avoid the evil, and the pain and suffering thereof, and the best knowledge that will secure to us to attain these ends? And God's injunction appears stranger, when it is seen that there is not only an injunction not to try to know the evil, but that there is also an injunction that we should not know the good. And to know the good, if not to know the evil, must at least appear to us to be our duty. And all our moral text books and lessons and sermons are intended to teach us this duty. And the fruits or acts resulting from our knowledge of both good and bad are both forbidden to man, and punishment for disobeying this Law or Word of God is said to be death itself with the further penalty of being shut out of partaking of the everlasting Tree of Life.

And of course that there may be no wrong in our *knowing* what is good for *us* and what is bad and in our *desiring* to seek the one and avoiding the other, provided we *can know* what is *really* good and what is bad, provided we can get what we *desire* and provided also that we *can know* what it is that we mean by the 'us' or 'I'. Do all persons understand what will *really* bring them good and what will bring them evil? Is every act which gives pleasure at once a good, and every act which gives pain a wrong? When the child cries for sweets, and struggles hard against swallowing a bitter potion is it really seeking its good and avoiding evil? When the school-boy chafes under school-discipline and desires to sow his own wild oats really avoiding pain and seeking pleasure? Does the man of the world when he seeks power and pelf and resorts to all sort of ways to gain that end really seek his own good, or when he chafes in a prison as result of his previous actions, does he think that it is for his good? And then again, when we seek pleasure and beyond our means, does not that really bring us suffering?

More than all, how many of us do rightly understand the 'I' and to which we want to minister? To the great majority, the 'I' means nothing more than the bare body, and the external senses, and is not the whole world engaged most strenuously in satisfying their bodily wants and appetites? How many do understand that they have a moral nature, how many that they have a spiritual nature? Even when we do know that we have a moral nature and spiritual nature, how many do try to act up to the requirements of their moral and spiritual nature, being more or less dragged and constrained by their worldly *desire*? In our ideas of good and bad, don't we confound our several natures, don't we confound with what is good for the soul, with what is good for the body? To most of us, the world and our belly is our God and nothing more.

Whence therefore this difference in people's likes and dislikes, whence their disability to suit means to ends and their ignorance of their real selves, and mistaking of one for another? Does it not show that there is an original want of understanding, a want of power and a want of real knowledge, a serious defect in all sorts and conditions of men? And when from want of this knowledge, the first wrong step is taken, the first mistake is made, does it not lead to a series of falls, and succession of mistakes, and does not man commit more mistakes in his ignorance when he tries to rectify one error than when he leaves it alone?

We do not propose to answer the question whence was this defect or ignorance in man, and what its nature is &c. For our present purpose it is enough to know and recognize that this defect is in us in one and all; that we are all full of faults and liable to err at every step. And these defects were in Eve, the original woman, typical of the lower man (Adam meaning the Higher life of man, pulled down by the lower part of him.) And when Eve saw the *tree was good for food*, that is to say she only thought of what would give pleasure to her body and satisfy her appetite, regardless of the consequences, just as a child wants to snatch the sweets from a confectioner's shop. She saw that *it was pleasant to the eyes*: that is to say she only mistook what was not good as good* She saw it was a tree *to be desired to make one wise.*† And when that most learned of the divines, full of his own knowledge and wisdom, wanted St. Maikandan to inform him of the nature of Anava or Ahankara or Egoism, what was the reply he got? The True Seer replied that the Anava or Ignorance or Egoism stood before him disclosed. One *desires to be wise,* as Eve desired, then learns much and thinks himself wise, and this is the highest type of Egoism or Ignorance.

So that it is clear that before Eve ate the forbidden fruit, she was ignorant and filled with Egoism or Anava. To say that the serpent or the Devil misled her is to carry it one step behind. If she was wise she would not have been misled by the wiles of the tempter. If she knew before hand what was to befall her, she would not have yielded to the words of the serpent, and disobeyed the word of God. She had as such no knowledge and no forethought. She was weak and ignorant even before the temptation. Being ignorant and weak, the moment the fruits of pleasure and pain were placed before her, she was dazzled, she was attracted, she seized them at once. And the devil vanishes from the scene. The devil, we take it, merely represents this inherent weakness or ignorance or Anava in man and nothing more. Adam and Eve typify the mere babes of human creation. There is something in the merest babe which makes it desire to live, and learn and

*பொருளல்லவற்றைப் பொருளென்றுணரும் மருளானாம் மாணாப்பிறப்பு.

† அவா வென்ப வெல்லா உயிர்க்கு மெஞ்ஞான்றும் தவாப்பிறப்பீனும் வித்து.

know. It tries to put everything into its mouth whether a piece of bread or a piece of chalk, and it wants to feel the anatomy of every plaything it handles by pulling it to pieces. Can any amount of warning and advice prevent the baby from touching the flame of a burning candle? The loving parent no doubt gives the warning 'Don't touch, don't touch,' but the advice is all useless and the wise father usually allows it to get a singeing, enough for it to know the good and evil, the pain and pleasure thereof; and he takes care that the baby is not burnt. Throw a brilliantly coloured and glowing fruit of the strychnine tree, the baby will seize it and try to bite it, but the ever watchful father will take care to see that the baby does not swallow it. It is our love that prompts us to give instruction, advice, warning, and even chastisement but all this will be thrown away if the soil itself was not good. And in our wisdom we recognize that all this is no use, that the wayward child should be allowed to gain peace by tasting the bitterness "of sorrow in all the days of its life." So too, the All loving Father in Heaven told Adam and Eve what was not good for them, not to taste or desire the fruits of both good and bad acts, i. e. the pleasures and pains of this world. But they would not bear it in mind nor listen. Did not God know that they would be tempted, and did he try to save them from the Devil. No; he permitted them to be tempted. Nay, he willed them to taste the fruit as a father would take a child to touch ever so slightly the candle flame. "He whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "நல்லபரம சிவன் நம்மை வருத்துவது கொல்லவல, பொல்லாக்குணம் போக்க". And the misery and suffering that flow from our tasting of the fruit of good and evil acts is merely for our chastening, and purification, and this can only be done in this existence and no other; and the whole purpose and scheme of creation becomes thus evident. (Sivagnanabotha 1st Sutara 'மலத்துளதாம்.') It is for the purpose of removing this defect or weakness or Anava or egoism in man that this life is given him, and every means which a loving Father can devise for his betterment is afforded him. But all such means do not influence each individual in the as me way. The best of education, the purest of home influence, and the holiest of associations seem actually thrown away on some people. They have a bent of their own, their own individuality, and this thrusts itself out under all shades and under all cloaks. This contradicts with the theory that human mind is a mere *tabula rasa*. Youth and white paper take impressions as the saying goes. Evolutionists seek heredity to explain it. But it is now acknowledged that heredity does not explain all. The most modest model of parents have begotten the most vicious of children. Neither the Theologians of the west nor their scientist brethren have explained this aspect of the case, and we must confess this as the only one weak point in modern Christianity which their best defenders have not been able to strengthen. It will not require much thought to see that this story of man's first disobedience, and of his tasting the fruit of that Forbidden tree is nothing more than the Doctrine of Karma as told by all the Indian schools of Philosophy, including the Buddhists.

The knowledge of good and evil are good and bad Karma, நல்வினை and தீவினை and the fruits thereof are the pleasures and pains derived from such acts. There is no harm in performing good and bad acts, but these acts should not be performed for the sake of the fruits out of selfish desire or dislike. And the moment these are performed with such desire, the thirst (அவா Trishna-Tanha) after such enjoyment increases, and the bonds of worldly existence are more and more made fast. The fruits of both are bad, and are compared to gold and iron-fetters and St. Tiruvalluvar calls them its

இருள்சேர் இருவினை i. e. "the two kinds of Karma, darkness covered." It is significant how in the Indian Philosophic Schools the phrase வினைப்பயன் நுகர்தல் meaning eating the fruits of Karma is the commonest-expression and one which exactly corresponds to the eating of the Forbidden fruit of good and evil in the Biblical accounts. More than this the tree of good and evil fruits, one tree out of which both fruits are produced is a common figure in the Upanishads and in the Tamil Siddhanta works.

The following passages in Mundaka Upanishad iii. 1 to 4 which is repeated in the Katha andSvetaswatra Upanishads and is derived from the Rigveda explains the whole fully.

1. Two birds, inseparable friends, cling to the same tree; one of them eats the sweet fruit, and *the other* looks on without eating.

2. On the same tree, man (*anisa*) sits grieving, immersed by his own impotence. But when he sees *the other* Lord (Isa) contented and knows His glory, then his grief passes away.

3. When the seer sees the brilliant Maker and Lord of the world, and himself as in the womb of God then he is wise, and *shaking off good and evil*, he reaches the Highest oneness, free from passions.

4. Life sure is He who flames through all creation. The wise man knowing Him reaches of naught else. He sports in God, in God finds his delight yet he doth acts perform (truthfulness, penance, meditation &c) best of God universe he.

5. This God is to be reached by truth alone, and meditation, by knowledge pure and constant discipline. He is in body's midst, made all of Light, translucent; whom practised men sins washed away behold.

6. That heavenly-bright, of thought transcending nature, shines out both vast and rarer than the rare; far farther than the far, here close at hand that too, just here in all that see nestling within the heart.

7. By eye He is not grasped nor yet by speech, nor by the other powers, nor by mere meditation or even holy deeds. By wisdom calm, in essence pure, then not till then does one in ecstacy, Him free from parts, behold.

The second mantra is thus commented on by Srikantacharya (vide Vol. II. p 74. of this journal): "The traditional interpretation of this passage is given as follows:

The Jiva bound by the shackles of beginningless Karma, having entered into many a body made of Maya (Physical matter) each suited to the enjoying of a particular fruit is subjected to a lot of incurable misery; and unable to ward it off on account of his impotence he does not know what to do and grieves. He is thus immersed in the ocean of grief caused by his great delusion. When however, by the *Lord's grace,* he intuitively sees Him, who as the Impeller dwells within Himself, who is gracious to all who is ever associated with Uma (Love and Light) then he attains to the unsurpassed greatness of the Lord, free from all grief. Therefore through Siva, who is independent and who has been free from samsara from time without beginning, is in contact with the body, he is not subject to its evils, as the Jiva is. Wherefore it is that Jiva and Parameshwara that are said to be in the cave of the heart.

St. Tirumular has the following stanza:

" வம்புபழுத்த மலர்ப்பழமொன்றுண்டு
தம்பாற் பறவை புகுந்துணத் தாவொட்டாது
அம்புகொண்டெய்திட் டகலத்துறந்திடிற்
செம்பொற் சிவகதி சென்றெய்தலாமே."

St. Manickavachakar calls the tree exactly இருவினை மாமரம், in the following beautiful passage

ஆயிடை வானப் பேரியாற் றகவயிற்
பாய்ந்தெழுந் தின்பப் பெருஞ்சுழி கொழித்துச்
சுழித்தெம் பந்தமாக் கரைபொரு தலைத்திடித்
ஊழூழ் ஓங்கிய நங்கள்
இருவினை மாமரம் வேர்பறித்தெழுந்த'
உருவ அருணீரோட்டா வருவரைச்
சந்தின் வான்சிறை கட்டிமட்டவிழ்
வெறிமலர்க் குளவாய் கோலி நிறையகின்
மாப்புகைக் கரைசேர் வண்டுடைக் குளத்தின்
மீக்கொள மேன்மேன் மகிழ்தலி னோக்கி
அருச்சனை வயலுள் அன்புவித் திட்டுத்
தொண்ட உழவர் ஆரத் தந்த
அண்டத்தரும்பெறன் மேகன், வாழ்க!

Meanwhile, the heavenly mighty stream
Rises and rushes, crowned with bubbles of delight,
Eddies around, dashes against the bank of our
'embodiment,'

And twofold deeds of ours growing from age to age,—
Those mighty trees,—roots up and bears away.
It rushes through the cleft of the high hills,
Is imprisoned in the encircling lake,
Where grow the expanded fragrant flowers,—
In tank, where rises smoke of the *agil*, where beetles hum;
And as it swells with ever-risidng joy,
The ploughmen-devotees in the field of worship
Sow in rich abundance seed of love!
Hail, CLOUD-LIKE God, *hard in this universe to reach!

and St Pattinattar has a much more elaborate passage in regard to the uprooting of this நச்சுமாமரம் poisonous Mango tree in Tiruvidai Marudur Mummani Khovai (10).

The tree of knowledge of good and evil is the Karmic Life of the individual, made up of the accumulated acts performed by him remaining in a perfect and unchangeable chain of causes and effects, following the man close like his shadow, as distinguished from the tree of life which is the light in him. It is this Karmic existence this tree of shadow which the Buddhists postulated, and not anything like the tree of Life or the true soul postulated by the theistic Hindu Schools and they recognized nothing higher than this inpermanent though continuous (as a stream) Karmic Life. To them all existence seemed only as sorrow and evil, and complete cessation or annihilation of this karmic existence, by the attainment of mere knowledge, constituted their highest end To them there was no joy in life and no means of attaining to such joy, as they would not recognize the all-loving Powers of the Supreme Lord who could grant them such Joy out of His immeasurable grace. The Siddanta no doubt postulated with the Buddhist that his body (birth and death) must cease, his feelings must cease, his life must cease, his understanding must cease, and that his egoism must cease. But how and whereby could this cessation be brought about? The means are set forth succinctly in the tenth and eleventh Sutras of Sivagnanabotha.

அவனே தானே யாகிய அந்நெறி
யேகனாகி இறைபணி நிற்க,
மலமாயை தன்னொடு வல்வினையின்றே.

"காணாத கண்ணுக்குக் காட்டும் உளம்போல
காணவுளத்தைக் கண்டுகாட்டலின்
அயரா அன்பின் அரன்கழல் செலுமே.'

They are, becoming one with God, and dedicating one's acts to God, and unceasing Love and devotion to Him. But such dedication, one brings himself in harmony with the divine law, and loses his pride of self and self-knowledge, and his own ignorance and Karma cease to operate, the man's whole being becoming beauteous by the Food of His Grace. As clearly distinguished from the Buddhist ethics and Psychology, the Siddhanti believes not that his salvation can be secured except by such self-renunciation, and love of the Supreme.

"இருள்சேர் இருவினையும் சேரா இறைவன்
பொருள்சேர் புகழ்புரிந்தார் மாட்டு."

"வேண்டுதல் வேண்டாமையிலான் அடிசேர்ந்தார்க்கு
யாண்டுமிடும்பையில."

பற்றுக பற்றற்றான் பற்றினையப்பற்று
பற்றுகபற்றுவிடற்கு."

"பிறப்பென்னும் பேதமை நீங்கச் சிறப்பென்னும்
செம்பொருள் காண்பதறிவு."

"உணர்ந்தமா முனிவரும் பரோடொழிந்தார்
உணர்வுக்கும் தெரிவரும் பொருளே
யிணங்கிலி யெல்லா வுயிர்கட்கு முயிரே
யெனைப் பிறப்பறுக்கு மெம்மருந்தே
திணிந்ததோரிருளிற் றெளிந்ததூவெளியே
திருப்பெருந்துறையுறை சிவனே
குணங்தடாமில்லாவின்பமே யுன்னைக்
குறிகினேற் கென்ன குறையே.

He is the one not comprehended by the Gods and the wise (power of egoism). He is the Life of all life. He is the supreme panacea for all the ills of the flesh; and obeying His Law, no one knows death or birth. He is the shining Light

* God, 'like clouds is gentle and fierce too,' nourishing both the wicked and good, and in time rooting up the wicked.

of our dark existence. He is the one Joy but not born of life, born of Prakriti guna or the world and transitory; and partaking of this Joy our highest desires are completely fulfilled, unlike the joys of this world which ever creates a flaming desire, a thirst after them more and more like the unquenchable thirst of the confirmed drunkard. This supreme and resistless Joy as shown in other stanzas of the House of God கோயிற்றிருப்பதிகம் fills our hearts, like the flood brooking not its banks, when in all humility and love, our body and heart melts in his service.

The contrast between the transcient world's joy and the Joy that trancends all states, without end நிலீப்பதங்களி யாவையுங் கடந்த இன்பம்) is well brought out in the following stanza by the same Saint Manickavachakar.

> தினைத்தனையளவு ள்ளதொர் பூவினிற்றேனுண்ணுதே
> நினைத்தலும் காண்டலும் பேசுந்தொறும் எப்போதும்
> அனைத்தெலும் புண்ணெக ஆனந்தத்தேன் சொரியும்.
> குனிப்புடையானுக்கே சென்றூதாய்கோத்தும்பீ.

When this joy fills him, then does he sport in God, delight in God, as the Mundaka says, then "does he love God, delight in God, revel in God and rejoice in God," as the Chandogya puts it. In this condition of Svaraj, when he can exclaim 'I am the glorious of the glorious, neither pain nor pleasures of this world-the fruits of the forbidden tree can touch or attract him, though he desists not from doing his duty such as truthfulness, meditation, tapas &c and in this condition even "if he moves about there laughing or eating, playing or rejoicing (in his mind), be it with women, carriages, or relatives," (chandog viii. 12.3) these acts will not affect him, as fire cannot burn a man who is practiced in agni stumbha (see the principle stated in Sivagnana Siddhiar. X 5 & 6.)

Compare this with the Christian aspiration to divine joy.

"If to any the tumult of the flesh were hushed, hushed the images of the earth, and water and air, hushed also the ruler of heaven, yea the very soul be hushed to herself, and by not thinking on self, surmount self, hushed all dreams and imaginary revelation, every tongue and every sign, and whatsoever exists only in transition, since if we could hear, all these say we made not to ourselves, but He made us that abideth for ever. If then having uttered this, they too should be hushed, having roused our ears to Him who made them, and He alon[illegible] speak not by them, but by Himself, that [illegible] may hear His word, not through any t[illegible] of flesh, nor angels' voice nor sound o[illegible] der nor in the dark riddle of a simi[illegible] might hear Whom in these thing[illegible] might hear his very self wi[illegible]out [illegible] too now strained ourse[illegible] thought touched on the [illegible] abideth over all)—cou[illegible] and other visions of [illegible] and this one ravish[illegible] [illegible]p its beholder, and th[illegible] that life might be for ev[illegible] [illegible]oment of understanding which w[illegible] [illegible]ghed after, were not this, enter in My[illegible] [illegible]joy; (St Augustine's Confessions Book [illegible]

> வான்கெட்டு மாருத மாய்ந்தழல் நீர் மண்கெடினு
> தான் கெட்டலின்றிச் சலிப்பறியாத் தன்மையனுக்கு
> ஊன் கெட்டுணர்வுகெட்டுயிர்கெட்டென்னுள்ளமும்போ
> நான் கெட்டவாபாடித் தெள்ளேணம் கொட்டாமோ
> உரையற்ற தொன்றைஉள் செய்யு மூமாகாள்
> கரையற்றதொன்றைக் கரைகாணலாகுமோ
> திரையற்ற நீர்போற் சிந்தை தெளிவார்க்கு
> புரையற்றிருந்தான் புரிசடையோனே.

Compare also.

> "தானுமழிந்து தனமுமழிந்து
> ஊனுமழிந்து வுயிருமழிந்துடன்
> வானுமழிந்து மனமுமழிந்துபின்
> நானுமழிந்தமை நானறியேனே."

> "பூதங்களற்றுப் பொறியற்றுச் சாரைம்புலங்களற்றுப்
> பேதங்கணமற்றுப் பேராசை யற்றுப்பின் முன்னற்றுக்
> காதங்கரணங்க ளுமற்று வானந்தக்காட்சியிலே
> ஏதங்களோந்திருப் பேனிறைவா கச்சியேகம்பனே."

The original fall was brought about by disobeying *God's* Law, by opposing our will to his Will, and the only way of salvation consists in establishing the harmony of will between His and ours, and completely subordinating our will to His own, and allow His Will to be done as it is in heaven.

When we were first created, we were just like children, fresh and innocent fully trusting and depending on our loving parents, without caring for the morrow, fully obeying their dictates, and ever asserting ourselves nor becoming self willed t the child preserves this condition only for t time, it would abide by the loving words m and warning given to it, it will know ud slowly its desire and self will are d in its ignorance and conceit, it e L... of Karma. And unless we the hildren abiding in trust மை மெ on our Beloved ாபரமே. rid of this sin a tics a become born again we canno eaven as declared by the sa hom the world thought he w t and e. mad. And our St. Tayumana f it g nature of the roduc

"பாலரோடு பேயர் பித் ct is ன பிற்பதுவே
சிலமிகுஞானியர் தம் செய்

saintly to the babes, and luna un- nd men possessed. na h co

Karma or *வினை* simply means an ac all b this act may give pleasure or pain and i an gives pleasure it is called good and if it pr e es pain, it is called evil. Every good a right and every evil act is wrong, or P yam or papam, Virtue or sin. Sivagnai Siddhiar defines *papam* and *punyam* as உயிர்க் தம்செய்தல் doing good to all sensient creatures and உயிர்க்கதம் செய்தல், doing evil to all creatures in the largest and broadest sense of the term, in the same way as any modern utilitarian Philosopher would define these terms, and we have no doubt that the definition is quite correct from any point of view. When we interpose conscience in the middle as a judge of good and evil, right and wrong, it is seen how varying the consciences of men are, and so we must necessarily seek a higher authority or test.

Karma therefore signifies acts or series of acts or the aggregate of human experience, acting and reacting on each other ; and Law of Karma means the invariable order or Niyati which results, pain or pleasure attach themselves to a doer in accordance with the kind of acts performed by him, in accordance with the maxim நன்மை விதைத்தால் நன்மை விளையும், தீமை விதைத்தால் தீமை விளையும் "He who sows must reap accordingly".

One result of this law is that the respective fruits have to be enjoyed in a suitable body and this body is determined by the Karma performed by each, (Vide Sivagnanabotha II 2 ab) and if his previous Karma was good, he will get a good body, and if it was bad, he will get a bad body. And this accounts for the myriads of Physical bodies in every stage of development to the highest, from that of the æmocœbac to that of a Christ or Manicka vachakar possessed of every varying mental and spiritual characteristics. The more good a man performs, the better and more developed body does he get with the accompanying development of mind and heart and the result of this privilege is that he is enabled to get a purer and purer body; which the more it becomes pure will reflect the Light and Glory of God, so that when man reaches his physical and mental erfection, he reaches the spiritual perfection of mplete merger in the supreme Light. And of odies, the human body is the one in which a m an work out his salvation, and therefore is he njoined to take time by the forelock and do goo while this body lasts, if not to secure salvation this birth, at least to secure a better body in wh l he can carry on the good work.

"எண்ணரிய பிறவிதனின் மானிடப் பிறவிதான்
யியாதினும் அரிதரிதுகாண்
இப்பிறவி தப்பினு லெப்பிறவி வாய்க்குமோ
எதுவருமோ வறிகிலேன். &c
Hence தானந்தவம்தரு மஞ்சந்ததமும் செய்வர்சிவ
ஞானந்தனையனைய நல்லோர் பராபரமே.

And so this doctrine of Karma instead of leading to quietism and indifference, inculcates life of active beneficence "desiring the welfare of all" and furnishes as good and sure a basis for perfect ethical conduct as any other system in the world.

But even when doing good works, he is not to have any regard for the result, he is to do it without tasting the fruits thereof, as this tends to bind him to the world still by producing the physical body and will not effect his final release from this body; and after performing evil & good, he attains to இருவினை யொப்பு, becoming balanced in good and evil, pain and pleasure. This does not mean that he should so perform actions that all his good actions will weigh as much as his bad action, or doing as much punyam as papam, but it is attaining to a condition of viewing deeds either good or bad without either liking or disliking, a condition of being described as வேண்டுதல் வேண்டாமையிலான். In such a condition, man is not impelled or attracted by any thing which will give him pleasure, he will not be deterred simply because it will cause him pain. Such objects of desire in the world are wealth, health and gratification, and we hate all those acts which will produce the opposite results. To such a person, wealth and poverty, food and poison, praise and blame will be equally welcome, and one looks on all these as one looks on dust or chaff without desire or aversion. It is when a man attains to this condition of வேண்டுதல் வேண்டாமை or இருவினையொப்பு that he is led in pursuit of the highest Ideals to do the greatest acts of heroism and the most magnanimous acts of self-sacrifice, and suffer the greatest martyrdom. The story of the churning of the Ocean is full of this meaning. The gods who were pained at their poverty, and desired wealth, came to reap the fire of the poison, which arose as a result of their own self-seeking and the Supreme Being who appeared there, not for the sake of any reward, but for the sole purpose of saving the distressed gods, was not affected by the Poison which He swallowed.

So that when God willed to create this earth and the heavens, it was not the result of a mere whim or play, it was not for his own improvement or benefit, it was not for his self-glorification or self-realization, but he willed out of his Infinite Love and Mercy towards the innumerable souls who were rotting in their bondage, enshrouded in Anava mala, without self knowledge and self-action, that they be awakened out of their kevala (கேவல) condition and move into the cycle of evolution, (சகல) births and deaths whereby alone they can effect their salvation. Once helped on to this, by being given bodies, faculties &c out of matter, they begin to do, accumulate karma, which has to be eaten fully before the இருவினையொப்பு the indifference no pains and pleasure, can be gained. In the process of eating the 'bitter fruits' and gaining ஒப்பு one gathers experience and wisdom and the knowledge of Truth. And unless this Truth be gained, the soul's salvation is a mere myth and nothing more.

J. M. N.

PROFESSIONAL BIAS AND POINTS OF VIEW.

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In looking out upon society, whether, of the past or the present, we perceive individuals and classes each with claims of its own more or less plausible, contending for an adjustment of affairs according to plans that baffle one another. Truth is said to be here, or there, or somewhere else. While all are in general satisfied that it exists—that truth *is*, whether we have found it or not—all feel equally well assured that dis-

cordant statements of its character cannot be alike true, but must give place, in silent acquiescence, to some one statement which alone accords with the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So also is it with right and wrong, virtue and vice. Whatever a few speculatively paradoxical minds may think truth and right and virtue live somewhere it is believed; even although inquirers and moralists may differ as to their nature and whereabouts. Unless we are fortified against general scepticism, by being forced to commit ourselves, without much hesitancy, to certain great maxims of life which secure its ongoing, we should run a sad hazard of surrendering life to chance, esteeming one thing as true as another, and all courses of action equally virtuous. But a result so lamentable is impossible, so long as men are men; for however some striking folly in speculative sceptician may perplex even the bulk of mankind for a time, sooner or later it is expelled from the mind as untrue, while the daily life of everyone gives it the denial, and puts it out of countenance by a perpetual experiment. On this account, notwithstanding the confusion and hubbub and clamour that are ever filling the world 'through controversy, men have always something to hold by; something beyond the reach of polemics and browbeating, volubility; something which survives every shock, however seemingly disastrous; a world to each in which he 'lives, and moves, and has his being.'

Yet, true as this is, how few believe it; how may fewer act upon it! Each one looks out upon society from his own 'point of view'; and forgetting that his station is a point and nothing more, he infers freely concerning men and things at a distance just as if they were at hand. The point which he occupies is constituted the centre point of the universe and round it, with the compasses of ignorance and vanity, he draws a circle, which is vainly imagined to include everything at a glance and to bring everything into such a relation to the observer as will enable him to pronounce infallibly upon it. In this way, many most benevolent people torment themselves with the thought of an amount of misery which does not exist. With faculties, temperaments, pursuits, profesional biasses, and circumstances differing from those of others, they cannot understand that there should be happiness found in anything which presents no delectable aspect to themselves. It would be well, indeed, if this habit of mind were confined to the class whose pulses beat with love of their fellowmen; although even such often times retard the objects they are seeking, by obtruding on others in one set of conditions what would be appropriate in a different set only. But the truth is, that individuals of every style of character are guilty of this mistake; nor are any so often so as those who are most clamorous in their outcries respecting their fellows; questioning the reality of religion unless it wears a cloack of a special shape and colouring; even going so far as to suspect the presence of a genuine human affection, if its methods of manifestation be not of a particular sort and description. In fact, no man whatever is free of more or less of this tendency of mind. Everything in one's circumstances conspires to form a medium through which all men, opinions, politics, religious sentiments, habits, and amusements, as well as whatever else enters into the substance of life, are obliged to pass before the mind forms its judgment of them. And thus we 'see but in part,' because we see all things in relation to ourselves—in relation to our imperceptible point in the circumference of being, supposing it to occupy the centre.

In considering this matter, one might almost think that the mistake is impossible of correction, since no man can transport himself out of his circumstances and at a leap reach the centre of being. It is certainly true that, as men, we are ever subject to some influence or other which will narrow or pervert our opinion. But it is wonderful how much can be done towards the rectification of this evil. A careful survey of the causes of danger; a perpetual vigilance respecting the operation of the passions which often of themselves lead us astray in our judgments; a combination of various means, so that the defect of one may in some measure be supplemented by another; and

the frequent use of the imagination in order to suppose circumstances which may materially differ from our own, these and such like exercises will go a far way in assisting us to perfect our estimates of men and things. But no influence, in biassing our judgments, is more general and efficient than the professional element; and none, therefore, demands greater attention to it, in order to allow for it. We find men of precisely the same description of mental character differing from one another in some point, from no other apparent cause than professional bias. A man's opinions are thus in a great measure formed by his business; as if truth were not truth, and right right, whether a man be a lawyer or an engineer, a mechanic or a merchant, a philosopher or a poet.

It may somewhat tend to stimulate mutual toleration towards one another and to direct attention to one of the most influential sources of error and wrong if we take a rapid glance at a few of the professions, looked at in a general way, and by no means implying that exceptions never or even infrequently occur to the description of classes which our survey may suggest to the notice. The select spirits of the world are found in all professions; they survive every untoward influence to which their circumstances may expose them; piercing with keen vision into the heart of things, however disguised by convention and the ceremonies of familiarity and custom. For illustration, then, let us begin with the point of view which may be called the *Mercantile.* From banks and counting-houses, from ledgers and day-books; from importing and exporting of goods; from the godowns and the shop tables; from whatever is best fitted to accumulate money in an honest but skilful way, the merchant looks out upon society, and on everything which relates to life and futurity. If liberally educated, and with his mind expanded by warm and generous affections, he will not be sordid in his ideas. But he will be practical—thoroughly practical—meaning by that term in his own sense, a man who adjusts the worth of others by their power of realising something which can be valued according to a common standard of Rupees, annas, and pies. He is willing to have school masters and priests, philosophers and even poets for society. But their labour must be seen to be more or less related to social utility. It must fit the individual who comes within its influence for being what is called good member of society, an active social unit; not a dreamer, nor a frivolous connoisseur in the fine arts, as the speculative thinker or the man of taste is sometimes termed. If it produces industry, good morals, cleverness in an honorable profession, or any other obvious benefit, it is valued. The apophthegms of didactic poetry thus find their way into his category of useful commodities; and for the same reason, all forms of poetry which do not embody, in so many words, a moral precept or two, are excluded from the privileged position. It is easy to see how opinion on every topic should be more or less affected by circumstances in themselves so peculiar, and differing in so many respects from those of other people. Religious views, political opinions, ideas of books and works of art will all be modified, in the case of such a one, by the special class of influences with which he is surrounded. An opinion which is very general or abstract in its enunciation or which seems to jar with some authorised maxim of good morality, will be doubted as to its truth, or unceremoniously dismissed to the domain of the trifling, the fanciful, and the useless. Facts tell strongly on such a mind. Everything that is plain practical, supported by manifest reasons of policy and social safety, finds ready access to it; whatever appears fine-spun, farfetched, bookish being set apart for the exclusive use of gentlemen who have nothing to do or whose delicacy of health unfits them for taking their share in the practicalities of life.

Otherwise, however, we should expect it to be with the teacher—him to whom the education of their rising life of the world is entrusted Doubtless one so learned as he, who inspires 'gazing rustics' with a growing wonder 'that one small head can carry all he knows' is posted on the central point of view, and looks not partially, but in a whole way, on things as they come

within his comprehensive scope. But here, also, the mode of a profession indicates the universality of influence which circumstances exert over the opinions and sentiments of mankind. If one were adequately acquainted with modifying forces, it would be the easiest matter in the world to select from among a thousand the special man who wields the authority of Schoolmaster over the little community who daily receive their portion of mental aliment at his beneficent hands. The teacher of youth, when his failing leans to the virtuous side of over-fondness for his profession, is apt to square everything by the rules and maxims prevalent within the territory over which he has been set to reign. Precision, system, and authority, are his darling ideas. All flights of imagination within the region of plain life he despises; they are not reducible to law and calculation, or at least he does not very clearly see that they are. Truth thrown out in lumps, and lying in irregular insubordinated masses, wants those marks of verity which with him are indispensable in order to compel confidence in its claims. Quite otherwise is it when truth comes in the form of a regular graduated system, broad at the base and beautifully tapering at the apex. A system so orderly is respected, if it be not adopted. It is scholar like; and whatever is so fulfils the preliminary conditions of truth. In like manner, as authority is interwoven with all his ideas of progress and good management, he dislikes, in general speculations, all innovations, unless they approach gently, curtseying as they advance to old use and wont, and propitiating a hearing by making it possible to join in hearty union with what is, without expelling or overthrowing it. Yet his tastes and sympathies are much more liberal than those of common men. Beneath his straitened and monotonous manner there is often a genuine relish of the exquisite literary and philosophical remains of antiquity, and a refined sensibility to the proprieties of writing in whatever form they appear. But, then, a grammatical blunder, or a foreign expression, or a special usage of construction, or any liberty which is justified by a law that is above all technical law, runs a hazard of damaging, in his estimation, the contents of truth which may form its freight and the freight of the context. His liability on the part of the pedagogue to take offence at such misadventures of authorship, does not arise from any inherent finicalness of disposition which distinguishes him from other men, but rather from a professional bias, which leads him to associate truth with certain kinds of excellence habitually present to him, and to pass judgment against truth of opinion when it comes robed in a tattered literary garb, pieced up partly with the author's own barbarisms, partly with those of writers not advanced into the roll of legislators, and partly with a wanton mannerism which violates custom so that it may please itself. The tendency it should be observed, is to test one sort of truth by the criterion of another sort of truth; namely, truth in itself by a truth of style. The daily life supplies a colouring matter through which everything else is seen, of whatever sort or nature it may be, modifying the point of view, and communicating much of its own tinge to the objects on which it rests.

If the schoolmaster is chained to his special point of view, nor can reach the centre, however fain he would if he could, not less so has the lawyer his stand-point, on which he is located, and from which he looks out upon the busy theatre of life, where all the transactions are performed which yield him employment. Although his habitual duty seems especially suited to sharpen the wit and to communicate a power of seeing through the false appearances of things, yet some how or other, by a law which overrules all the many laws that he finds himself daily directing, he too is biassed by profession, and he too must acknowledge that his point of view is indeed but a point. Truth and right with him are apt to become mere matters of fact, having no independent existence, no force or obligation which authority has not defined and communicated. Cases of conscience also, or the nice scruples of an eccentric, but religious mind, are very likely to be misconstrued by the lawyer, if they

disturb the equilibrium of society and he sudsides into a mere limb of the law. Unused to appeal from what *is* to what *Ought to be*, he looks at everything through a professional glass. If the letter be violated, no matter that the spirit be preserved; at last he takes care of the one, and feels no urgent necessity for concerning himself with the other. Surmounting his special culture, he may indeed glance with his eye in the direction of the abstractly just and equitable; but unless his professional bias be counteracted by a very general education, how feeble is the interest which the one inquiry awakens in his mind compared with the other! How seldom will it detain him for more than a moment or call forth other than a passing wish that such a law should be so and so, instead of something else which it is, and which has made it ineffective in some case that had unusually attracted his sympathy.

We come, again, to the priest, and ask whether more than a point is occupied by him—whether he also be an exception to the general rule. Alas, no; he is one with others in subjection to a professional bias. The credit of his form of religion, and especially of the special section of it which he himself professes, is only too apt to supersede with him the general interests of religion's truth and sincerity. The external services of religion, as they are the chief employments of his life, perhaps almost the only ones, become prominent in his estimation to the exclusion of other services which nature and general considerations enjoin upon mankind at large. Religion, instead of being made the grand regulative element and force in character degenerates into mechanical observance of ceremonials the significance of which he neither understands nor cares to understand; and it is distorted into a panacea for all necessities whatever. Religion thus, to a great extent ceases to be religious, and becomes the fabrication of the priest, not one with nature and truth, but contrary to and subversive of them. The torch of religious truth grows dim, and the priest shakes it but to quench out the feeble flickering flame. The priest too has his professional bias and that of a wide-reaching influence for evil.

Is not the philosopher free from it—the man who stands on the mountain-tops of knowledge? Indeed no, any more necessarily than others. He discredits common sense or the general intelligence of mankind; the universe and all it contains evaporates into a thin nothingness, a less than a dream in a dream in his estimation; and he vaunts himself as the possessor of an insight which the rest of men do not possess. He begins system-building; and rather than bring his brick and chunam from nature, he will fashion the whole thing out of the materials of his brain.

What, finally, of the poet? Must we give him up too? Yes, if he yields to his tendency. Dwelling in the airy realms of fancy, he waxes bold and puts shame on the senses of men. Everything is gross which is not visionary; what is not exalted into the ideal is supposed fit only for the common herd of men. No, the pulse of the poet must beat high in sympathy with every form of humanity, so far as it developes itself in a genuine manner; or he must be pronounced partial, one-pointed in his view, having a 'local habitation' and a limit.

We return, therefore, to the position from which we set forth, and reassert that everyman has a point of view from which he looks out upon the world and society. The illustrations which have been given are, of course, only a few of what men afford; all classes and descriptions of persons, as we said before, being under more or less of the partialness of view. It must also be added, that the cases selected for illustration have been made descriptive of the tendency in its most conspicuous form—rather as it has appeared, or still appears now and then, not as it needs to appear. For it is a glorious truth that thousands of all professions have in every age bravely fought with their professional bias, restricting its force where its annihilation was impossible. In particular, it should be noticed that the profession of the schoolmaster or the educationist is in itself one

of the most dignified in the whole range of task works, and that the individuals who discharge its honorable functions are everyday rising in general culture and health of sentiment. What is true of this profession is true more or less of all the others. The lesson, however, which this discussion illustrates is two fold, referring to one rule by which we are to form our estimates of one another, and to the implied precept it contains concerning our duty in the evolution of our personal character. It is certainly impossible to test opinion without considering from what point of view it has been formed. An account of something may be a true one, as taken from a certain position; and it is necessary, through imagination and otherwise, to attempt to place ourselves in the same point before we pronounce it true or false. A point of view, it should be always remembered, may admit of indefinite improvement. The less partial it is the better; the nearer it places as to the centre-point of the universe, the fitter would it serve to enable us to form adequate beliefs. At best, indeed, we must ever remain infinitely far off from that centre; for our faculties and range of view are, in the nature of things, limited. Instead of vainly dreaming to escape the bounds of ourselves, we must be content to be what at best we can become and we must make the highest use of the powers appointed us towards this end, since in the words of the poet, the powers denied concern us nothing." N. B.

THE STUDY OF VERNACULARS.

For the last ten months the subject of Education has been making a stir in the atmosphere of India. It began with the home thrust of Lord Curzon at the Educational Conference, Simla, which had the rare fortune of rousing many a Hindu out of his sleep of sombre indifference. Thus made alive to the responsibilities devolving on him the educated Indian talked and wrote spiritedly for some time, eager to be first and loud to be heard. It was indeed so much the fashion of the day that every one that can use his tongue or wield his pen thought himself bound to say something. Thus for a few months, it was freely discussed in the drawing room and unsparingly criticised in the newspaper But when the discussion was at its highest, when the different aspects clearly defined and carefully treated were about to stamp indelibly on all those that came in contact with it, the interest of the public slackened and the whole scheme has ended but in smoke.

To those then that sincerely expected something salutary, something that would better the existing state of affairs, this has been a serious disappointment. That this is not a subject of to-day adds to it though some extreme optimists derive consolation instead.

Now whatever be the influence of this disappointment on the other branches of study, there cannot be two opinions as to its having fallen pretty roughly on the vernacular. In spite of the well-meant efforts of His Excellency, the Director of Public Instruction, Madras and the members of the University Commission have strongly set themselves to impede its progress, nay, they are trying, if possible to vote its dismissal. To urge so strongly against a subject that would least affect them they should indeed be moved by as strong reasons; but a short survey of the other side will be enough to show that their opinions are either prejudiced or founded on a false basis.

To argue in general would be to make things vague and to confound the already confused state of affairs. I shall therefore restrict my remarks to Tamil which has been thought the least useful but the most difficult of the vernaculars of India.

It is indeed true that from a commercial point of view, Tamil is next to useless. It is the vernacular of a few districts and even there can be well managed with Hindustani or English; nor does it possess any merchantable literature. But that apart from this consideration which is after all due to lack of encouragement, Tamil is as good as any other language to the ordinary man, nay better and more

important to the antiquarian and the scholar it is the object of the following pages to show.

To speak about the antiquity of the language or to enumerate the great men that have contributed to its literature time and space do not allow; but if the same consideration keeps me from expressing the manifold advantages to be derived from a study of this neglected tongue, it would indeed keep me from a duty which, both in the interests of the language whose cause I now uphold and in justification of my own rather bold statements, I should discharge to the best of my ability.

That the Dravidians had attained a degree of civilization and culture, superior to the then known world, that they took the lead in Philosophy and religion as well as in the handicrafts of masonry and architecture, antiquarians have long since agreed among themselves. But that their attainments are even now unrivalled, that their polished gold with the dust that has been adding these years of neglect and ill-use is still better than the fresh Aurum of the modern mine, that their very progress has not been fully appriciated much less followed even in these days of boasted evolution and enlightenment, it shall now be my business to substantiate.

Perhaps it is the recent advancements in science that more than anything else give this century, its chief claim for admiration. But any authentic account that proves beyond question, that the wonders of the present day are nothing to astonish the Dravidians because they have long since passed though this stage establishes thereby their superior intellect and greater culture. Unfortunately we are left with no complete treatise on the subject to consult at our will and discuss at our pleasure. Our sources of information are their other books which occasionally contain traces of their researches in science that have to be gleaned with difficulty and to be understood with care.

Now magic, everybody will own, is but the representation of the facts with the primary causes concealed as to give undue prominence to the secondary ones. Such an illusion the Hindus were ever famous for producing and this excellence not only shows their culture in science but a rather critical study of it. Then again such ideas as the Indestructibility of matter, the evolution of water when chemical combination takes place the origin of the cosmos in a revolving ball of gas, the property of magnetism in certain bodies and that of inertia in all of them certainly go to prove their greatness in science since we come across these in books that are too genuine to admit of interpolation and too ancient to be tampered with by the modern advancements.

Taking advantage of the mythical spirit of the populace, the sages of the time introduced scientific and sanitary principles into the very manners and customs of the people. You can, for instance, never induce a Hindu to get shaved on an Eclipse day.

The Deepavali serves to get a pair of new clothes to everyone in the land thus protecting from cold even the poorest of men. The white washing of the houses on Pongal day serves to strengthen the houses that were left to the mercy of wind and rain for the three months previous. To one affected with small pox every arrangement is made to keep him cool. The people in the house would rather starve than keep the sick man without his curd and cocoanut water. You wonder whether all these are scientific. Consult any authority on the subject and you will be soon convinced of the truth. I remembered once having heard from an L. M. S. that to the Hindu that regularly goes through the ceremonials prescribed for him, medicine is but a superfluity.

If now you pride yourself in language, *the researches of Maxmuller and the recent discussions in the Siddhanta Deepika* would have eased you of it. There you would have found how perfect Tamil is and at the same time how ancient. Very musical by the exclusive possession of 'ழ' and 'ள', very scientific as to its grammar and collocation, it is philosophical to the highest degree. Nowhere else the terms are more

adequately chosen. எழுத்து (letter) means a picture; உயிர் (vowel) is the life giving element; மெய் (consonant) is the body for the residence of the soul. Every thing that happens to our body can with a little change be applied to the transformations of the consonant, its mode of combining with the vowels &c.

In the realm of philosophy they take the lead. The digest of the whole of the present deductive logic is neatly and concisely put in the fourteen sutrams of Alavai (Measure). The மெய்ப்பாட்டியல், a chapter in தொல்காப்பியம் is a scientific psychology and most of the அகவியல் sutram is treating about the inner man, have analysed the feeling and passions of man to a remarkable degree of perfection. The sacred kural of Thiruvalluvar is a master-piece of Ethics in as sublime a style. It is the oldest work of the kind and a just source of pleasure to the Hindu. It is still without its parallel in the History of literature as also the sacred hymns of the four sages of Hinduism. Other treatises on Ethics are Naladiar, Palamori &c.,

Religion was then in a highly developed form. At a time when a scientific system of worship was a nonentity, when idolatry was the universal vogue, when man worshipped but his passions and his pleasures, to the credit of the Hindus it must be owned that they had formed and perfected a religion that is still the glory of the east and the puzzle of west. It is the glory of the east because it gives a clear conception of God in a simple and yet scientific form. It is the puzzle of the west because Sankara's philosophy which is but the first stone in the flight of steps leading to the Edifice of Saiva Siddantam they took nearly 600 years to grasp. It is not polytheism as many have mistaken it to be nor is it even the philosophy of Sankya as Mr. Clayton has understood it. It has nothing to do with the ten avatars of Vishnu, or the whole range of Gods and Goddessess that are so held in awe in certain parts of India. It is as far from any one of the six systems of Indian philosophy as it is from Materialism or Mahomadanism. It is a scientific system of thought embodying the three entities; God, Soul and Matter with evolution for its under current. To earnest seekers after truth, I may here say that a clear view of this doctrine is to be found in the fourteen Siddanta Sastras and in the able commentaries of Sivagnana Swamigal and others. There they refute the arguments of the Materialist and the Idealist, at every substantiation of the Saiva doctrine for it must be distinctly understood that the evolution of these people (the Idealists, and the Materialists) is of an earlier date. The sacred hymns of the four Samayachariars as also those of the sages Thayamanavar form but an elaborate commentary of the Siddanta Sastras. The philosophy is explanied in a terse though lucid style and the similes are so well chosen that even the most careless reader cannot help having a clear conception of his creator, the world and himself.

Nor was their proficiency in medicine of a less satisfactory nature. The books on medicine are a real treasure to us. With a few observations on Botany every book * proceeds to analyse the plants chemically and prescribes the portions for particular diseases. The surgery of Theyrayar and others are still miraculous to the medical world. In our own day the books on Materia Medica and the stores of Messrs W. E. Smith &c are standing proofs of the greatness of the Dravidians for at every page of Materia Medica we see Tamil names given and most of the extractions in the dispensary of Messrs Smith & Co., are from herbs.

But greater than all these is their excellence in literature. This was their favourite field of pleasure, their pastime stay and consolation. The Historical Epics Sillappadikaran (சிலப்பதிகாரம்) and Manimegalai (மணி

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* The fourteen Siddanta Sastras are

1. Sivagnanabodham (சிவஞானபோதம்) 2. Sivagnana Siddhi (சிவஞானசித்தி) 3. Irupairupakthu (இருபாவிருபஃது) 4. Tiruvunthiar (திருவுந்தியார்) 5. Tirukkalitruppadi (திருக்களிற்றுப்படி) 6. Unmainerivilakkam (உண்மைநெறிவிளக்கம்) 7. Unmaivilakkam (உண்மை விளக்கம்) 8. Sivaprakasam (சிவப்பிரகாசம்) 9. Kodikavi (கொடிக்கவி) 10. Vinavemba (வினாவெண்பா) 11. Nenjuviduthuthu (நெஞ்சுவிடுதூது) 12. Sankarparirakaranam (சங்கற்ப நிராகரணம்) 13. Potripakrodai (போற்றிப்பஃறொடை) 14. Tirvarutpayan (திருவருட்பயன்).

மேகலை have a grandeur of conception and treatment which the latter puranas, the pseudo-Epics have tried in vain to copy. The occasional flights of imagination that come in time to relieve the reader, passages of description that produce an illusion on the mind, the criticisms of life that are at once homely and practical serve to convince the impartial critic of their worth and greatness. The heroic poem of Pathitrupathu (பதிற்றுப்பத்து) and the beautiful odes Ahananuru (அகநானூறு), Purananuru (புறநானூறு), Kalithogai (கலித்தொகை) and Pathuppattu (பத்துப்பாட்டு) help to maintain the Dravidian fame on the lyric side. The commentary of Nakkirar as also the first few chapters of almost every epic or purana clearly go to show that they were not very low in the descriptive side either.

Prose was not without its share of development. Their prose works are fine specimens of a perfect style. They never have a word too much or a word too little. Apt quotations and appropriate similes ever grace their writings. Without being either too flowery or too loose, they please the mind and enchant the reader. Modern writers imitating but their expression present Tamil in a sad plight. Indeed the Tamil of our day has but the jingle of the past and that too introduced in a way, weak and miserable, forced and affected. No wonder then, that all rules of paragraph construction are set at naught. But to argue from these that the Dravidians had as bad a style or that their style can brook improvement, is a monstrosity which cannot stand in the face of reason or justice. Apply the rules for essay writing as laid down in Bain's rhetoric to the works of Sivagnanayogigal for instance or to those of Ramalingaswamigal or Arumuganavalar for that matter.

Nachinarkiniyar's commentaries and the writings of Sivagnanayogigal, are first rate as prose-works. The contributions of the former are of such a high value that they are reckoned as part of the text itself. The latter was a genius uniting in himelf the poet, the critic, the scientist and the philosopher. His able poem, the Kanchipuranam, his commentaries on Sivagnanabodham and Sivagnana Siddhi as also his Ilakkanavilakkachuravali are enough to show his greatness. His way of handling a subject and his mode of proving a point are really inimitable. We must also take note here of the ardent efforts of Arumuganavalar and Srilasri Somasundara Nayagar. The one with his pen and the other with his tongue have done what they can to revive the lost spirit in India. Their disciples are also working strenuously for the same end. Mr. Sabapathy Navalar, one of them has edited the "Dravidaprakasika" a history of literature and book of criticism in one. Being an imitator of Sivagnana Swami, he displays a terseness of style and a keeness of intellect that rarely fall to the lot of any one now. Mr. Chittambalam Pillai's life of Manickavasagar also deserves some notice. He has a plain style but the spirit of enquiry and research is very strong in him. A touch of the spirit of Professor Sundaram Pillai as seen in his milestones in the History of Tamil Literature is traceable towards the end of Mr. Chittambalam Pillay's book.

But such good books form but a poor minority in the host of books that emerge from the press every year. The multitude patronize the vulgar books; men of power and wealth care but little for Tamil; so that destined to the upper shelves even these few books are soon lost in oblivion. The one or two that survive are printed in such a shabby way that the man of moderate interest turns away in disgust in the hope of saving his time and his eyes too. The few that devote their time to old books do it to realise fame or money. Some of them wholly subsist by printing imitations of them.

But such spurious imitations could very little tamper the commentaries of those days. Commentary as a factor in literature, the English reading public are unaware of. But to the Tamilian the text is nothing without its commentary. It is there that he reads between the lines of the author with the glasses of the commentator. Every portion of the text is explained by a series of questions and answers.

Chief among the commentators stands Nakkirar famous alike for his vivid descriptions and pleasing

narratives. He also commands a good flowery style. Ilamburanar and Perasiriar come next. The commentaries of Senavariyar, Sivagnana yogi and Parimelalagar have the merit of being critical, scientific and philosophical. Nachinarkiniyar and Adyarkunallar form the fourth school of commentators. To them the text is but a guidance. They pour out all their ideas on the subject whether necessary for the place or otherwise. But since their improvements are always for the better, they are now placed on a par with the text. The school of Sivagnanayogi, on the contrary, is famous for the close following of the text. Their first business is to give out all that the author wanted to say and next to add their suggestions and improvements. But a proficiency in Tamil and Sanskrit, these commentators had all in common, and such a proficiency indeed that they were the authorities for the languages in their days.

Such is the greatness of Tamil; such its glory. But the cost of printing books and the dog in the manger policy played by the men of the middle ages reduced our stores; the superciliousness of the little great men that existed then and that are still living, has drawn a lasting contempt on the race. This is why Tamil has been so rapidly declining, why it has gone so low in the grade of languages.

But if Tamil is to be sent away because of this exterior layer of filth, it is indeed a pitiable affair; for we must indeed pity the man that would forsake a diamond mine simply because of the labour involved in its working. Then again being the only living classical language, for what gives a language its chief claim for the title 'classical' but its antiquity and greatness, it is beyond question superior to any other language. Therefore what earthly use can there be in removing this gem and placing instead a miserable piece of glass. Moreover while research societies are being established, shall India, the fountain of wisdom be found to do away with an existing relic of the past not contented with its present indifference to research of any kind. Are not the Europeans setting them a mortifying lesson when they not only prize but also foster the vernaculars of India by holding examinations in them and establishing oriental libraries. Are not the Hindus ashamed when they see that their very greatness is due to the indefatigable work of such men as Prof. Max Muller, Rev. Pope, Prof. Vinson and others.

But if even under such strong stimulants, a fair field and a proper emulation, the Tamilians are found to be dull and inactive we must only curse the gloom of degeneration that has strongly settled on them no doubt the other vernaculars can say almost the same thing about themselves but even leaving them out of consideration, though good and important in themselves, I cannot really see why Tamil should be asked to share their fate. It may lack some strong supporters but should the authorities of the University of Madras take advantage of this want they would not only violate the trust placed in them but do an injury to India which shall be as great and as irremediable as their position is now exalted; for going against reason, justice and humanity they not only check the present advancements of the nation but also debar them for ever from even attempting to share in the progress of the civilized world.

RAMACHANDRAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

—:o:—

The Editor.

"Siddhanta Deepika".

Madras.

Sir,

With reference to the query put by your correspondent "Enquirer" in the May 02 (Vol. V No. 12) issue of your Journal, I would inform him that he is wrong in thinking that the authors whose isolated odes form the compilations of the last Tamil Sangam viz Nattinai, Kurunthokai, Purrananuru etc, were all contemporaries of the compilers. The inclusion in Purrananooru of the ode sung by the poet Mudunchiur

Mudi Naga Rayar in praise of a Chera king of the time of the Bharata war proves either that the last sangam existed from the date of the Bharata war to the time of the Kun Pandiyan or any Pandiyan the "Enquirer" may choose, or that the last Sangam merely made a collection of all the stray odes extant at the time, with a view to preserving them for the edification and delectation of their posterity. It can hardly be maintained that the cultivation of Tamil originated only in the time of Kun Pandiyan and that Sambanthar was the first Southerner who attempted to wove the barbarous phraseology of an undeveloped languague into master-pieces of poetic diction. It does not take centuries for myths to grow in Eastern Soil.

A Tamilian.

The Editor.

of The Siddhanta Deepika,

Madras.

A QUESTION OF PHILOLOGY.

Sir,

I remember having read in an old issue of your journal an article in which it was maintained that the Tamil word "*ulaku*" (உலகு) is derived from the Sanskrit "*Loka.*" If we may lay it down as a general rule that almost all the words that are in use among the illiterate masses are of indigenous origin, the word "ulaku" cannot possibly be considered as an importation from a foreign source. It is a word which our masses cannot do without and often assumes in their mouths the forms உலவம் (ulavam) and "ulovum" (உலோவம்) which apparently afford the key to the solution of the origin of its classical forms "ulakam" and "ulaku." The masses being comparatively free from the influences which operate on the literate classes the more primitive and archaic forms of expressions must necessarily linger longer among those than among these. I therefore take "ulavam" as the more primitive form, and derived from the root "ulavu" (உலாவு) to walk about.

The word "ulavai" (உலவை) for "whirl wind" is derived from the same root. Ulavam may, therefore, be said to mean "that on which we walk about or live." An instance of the use of the consonant K (க) in place of V (வ) is found in செய்கேன் for செய்வேன். We often come across in the dialect of the masses instances in which the consonants V (வ) and K (க) are used interchangeably such as சளவு for சளகு (a winnowing fan), மதவு for மதகு (a culvert) etc. The elision of the final "am" and its substitution with the vowel "u" (உ) is common in Tamil usage. For we have அக்கு and அக்கம், வழக்கு and வழக்கம், துலக்கு and துலக்கம் in which the final "ku" obviously is not a separate word requiring any philological explanation. Tho word "Katakam" (கடகம்) a bracelet or bangle seems to be on a par with the word "ulakam" in the respect. It is derived from the root "Katavu" (கடவு) to fasten and means "that which is fastened on" (கடவம்), its secondary meaning being "that which is circular" அண்டகடகம் thus means "the circle of the "heavens." Another instance in point is the word" Valakam (வளாகம்) derived from valavu (வளவு) i. e. to touch.

The original form would appear to be வளாகம் i. e., "covered over with" as in தெண்டிரைவளாகம். The Tamil word "Ku" for "world" is one of the few primitive monosyllables the original of which will, perhaps never be ascertained by us. The old method of deriving Tamil words from Sanskrit roots has done much mischief by leading philologists off the right track.

A Tamilian.

The Editor of

The Siddhanta Deepika.

Sir,

While avowing myself as an admirer of Mr. Tirumalai Kolundu Pillay's articles on "Tamil Literature" published in your journal from time to time, I regret to have to express dissent from him in a material point concerning the character of the Third

Tamil Sangam. In his booklet entiled "The age of Manickavachakar," Mr. Tirumalai Kolunda Pillay has laboured to prove that the Third Sangam existed for about 1890 years and counted at least a hundred thousand poets. It is a most erroneous view that one can take of the history of Tamil liturature. The belief that all the authors whose names occur in Purrananooru were contemporaries is ill founded as the work itself is obviously nothing more than a mere compilation from about 180 authors. Some of whom lived so far back as the time of the Mahabharata war itself. The poet "Mudi Naga Rayar" who sung the praises ofthe Chera monarch "Siralatan" and the sage "Gautaman" who sung the praises of "Dharma Putran the son of Yama, were undoubtedly of the age of "The great Tamilan war" "Markandyanar" and "Vanmikanar" of the the Vedic age are also represented in Puram by a poem or two of theirs happily incorporated into the compilation and preserved from perishing. It may well be doubted whether the information as regards the names of the authors and the circumstances connected with the composition of the powers which we now find recorded in the "puram (புறம்) actually formed part of its original contents. These and other notes were probably introduced long after its first compilation by some pundits or board of pundits who had access to the voluminous lierature of olden times. The name (தொகை) Tokay itself by which these Sangam works are known obviously implies that they were mere compilation from older authors on a definite settled or prescribed plan. It has also to be pointed out that some of the works attributed to Madura Sungam were composed not in the country of the Pandiya's but in that of the Cheras. There is evidently much misunderstanding about the chracter of "The Tamil Sangam".

Yours truly.

J. T. Pillai.

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JOSEPH-SASTRY.

The Translation of Harihara Sastry into Joseph Hariharan.

OR

The Story of a Student Brahmin-Convert.

(Continued from p. 53)

CHAPTER II.

Can the fond mother from herself depart
Can she forget the darling of her heart
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nursed on her knees and at her bosom fed.

CHURCHILL.

Sweet was the morning in December. The light dark preceding the silvery dawn had disappeared. Birds chirped, twittered and fluttered from the tree tops that sheltered them during the wintry night, rejoiced at the approach of the day; while jackals and foxes discontent perhaps with their adventure and the booty consequent, thereupon, ran reluctantly to their respective distant dens. The cattle, let loose the previous night to feast upon, and damage the neighbours' fields or gardens, glided home with their stomachs swollen to capacious dimensions and apparently fortified against an inevitable Indian famine. Plants and tender twigs decked with dew-drops hung down their heads greeting most reverentially the Lord of the day. The breeze saturated with sweet smell was enjoyable, refreshing and renovating. The frost shrouding the landscape vapoured away. Every tree and every plant with their fresh flowery robes smiled and breathed incense. Tiny brooks babbled and prattled as they hurried on their downward course unconscious, as they seemed to be, of being swallowed by greater ones and all their mirth and frolic extinguished. Children, reluctant to relinquish their beds, when roused wept and indulged in another nap. Eagerly engaged in devouring passage after passage till many pages were got up, some exa-

mination-encountering youth unconscious of Nature's overthrow of the gloomy queen and the enthronement of a luminous king in her stead, was still burning an oil lamp in some corner of the insanitary habitation.

Peasants with plough-laden shoulders drove teems of oxen across the meadow, while some armed with spades and other agricultural implements faced the labours of the field. An old orthodox Hindu Brahmin returned home shivering and quivering with the cold that he had most religiously self-inflicted upon him by the early bath. Mr. Natesa Sastry and his friends, whose materials of clothing, in virtue of their English education and civilised enlightenment, varied with the wheather dressed in wool crossed the common overlooking the *Agraharam* and went on their morning walk, no doubt,

"Brushing with hasty steps the dews away."

So gay and glorious was the morning that succeeded the evening on which had taken place Kamalammal's unhappy interview with her husband.

Messrs. Natesa Sastry and company not only exercised their legs but their tongues and lungs, during their walks; for, so loquatious were they.

"You had Natesan," observed Mr. Krishnama Chari with all freedom and friendship, as he changed his side next to Mr. Sastriar, "some disharmony in your family? What facilitated such a friction? You were always wise enough to ward off such occurrences."

"Why! sir", explained Mr. Sastriar after a deep deliberation, as if he felt the gravity of the subject, "the evils of a home! Alas! how many are they? Never were great things begun or achieved in this world without either incurring the enmity of one or the protestations of another. A *home*, sir, after all is only a world in miniature."

"Yes, true!" emphasised Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer his friend's statement. "How Columbus, I remember, was ridiculed and laughed at when he spoke of the discovery he was to make."

"Why Columbus alone?," added Mr. Krishnama Chari "as for that, poor Julius Cæsor too."

Mr. N. Sastriar :—History reveals thousands of such never-to-be-forgotten names. Let's, for a moment pause and ponder who has been the author of the greatest calamities that have befallen the world: If we are to believe Homer, in a *Woman* originated the flames of war that burned Troy to ashes. Shame seize her!, the very Paradise was lost. What made the good old Britons a land-thirsty conquering race, the English men of to-day — the introduction of Christianity and that through a woman. Then again, a whole monarchy was upset and a republic was set up in Rome; it is due directly or indirectly to a woman. India is no exception. What induced Rama to extirpate the race of *Rakhshathas*? Wait sir! what brought about the battle between the *Pandavas* and the *Kouravas*. Why did King Nala desert his kingdom and took abode in a forest.

Mr. K. Chariar :—Add to the string of woes the most miserable massacre of St. Bartholomew; yes, they had, as you say, sown all caustic calamities. Nature has consigned the authorship of miseries to them; why dispute we then?

Mr. R. Iyer, (impatiently) :—*Ish*! Natesan, you are beating about the bush. We were anxious to know what provoked the rub, but, you are regularly repeatting histories, that does credit more to your memory.

Mr. N. Sastriar, :—Only a leaf of that history, sir, there is nothing whatever new under the sun. A word about Hariharan's English education brings at once copious tears in Kamalam's eyes, stout protestations in her voice, and dire discord into the family; the curtain of "Domestic Tragedy" falls that day and darkens the home.

Mr. K. Chariar :—Kamalam does all this? Ha! How highly had I thought of her! How often have I asked my wife to copy Kamalam?—her ways, her walks. Who knows (in a low consolating voice)! she may have her answers and apathies!

Mr. R. Iyer (highly embarassed):—What does she say against? May we know that?

There was some hesitation at first, arising naturally from the consciousness, how he had lowered the estimation of his wife in the eyes of his friends; he did, therefore, bare justice to Kamalammal by giving out the sum and substance of their conversation in a most impartial way, asking at the same time advice as to his safe guidance and conduct to avoid cutting deeper the wound he had inflicted on her heart.

One of them suggested that persuation and perseverence would crown his request with compliance.

The wandering eyes of Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer were arrested by what, in those out-of-the-way places, was considered uncommon objects : the approach of two strong and sinewy men clothed, as they were, in loosely cut white trousers, and black coarse woollen coats, at the lower end of which . above the waist a strap of polished leather two inches broad ran round, and a methodically-made red helmet hooked with metallic numerical figures, as if "Catalogued in a collection' of curiosities, completed the outward adornment. Proximity of distance determined them to be Indian Police Constables. Quite in a military mode they saluted the retired officials. One of them in a respectably low voice communicated that their Inspector had long been waiting at Mr. Sastriar's. The news quickened their speed ; each wondered within himself the cause of the untimely arrival of an officer who, they thought, had nothing to do with them. The Inspector's cold response to the welcome of the hosts intimidated them of some calamitous catastrophe. Yet they called in their presence of mind, but Mr. Sastriar was seen shaken with a convulsion of consternation and confusion. A grey coarse envelope, officially long, that had hitherto protruded in the Inspector's pocket, pounced on Mr. Sastriar's quivering hands? Mr. Krishnama Chariar knew by sight what it was. He saw, his frame flickered. He struggled strongly to keep up control and composure. Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer gaped with awe and anixety. They stood stupified and speechless as so many statues. Mr. Natesa Sastry strained his sight to read the letter. So swimming were the eyes, that he could not go through the whole. But he understood enough to make him sad and silent. With his Characteristic courage, Mr. Krishnama Chari led the peace-protector by the hand into a spacious hall in the interior of the house and seated him on a chair, put on an affected smile, and beckoned his friends to sit.

"Just, stepping into the court," spoke Mr. Chariar in a compromising tone, "you know, Mr. Inspector, no matter how truthful, hopeful and just one's cause is, degrades one's dignity. Gentlemen, possessing a morsel of wisdom and self-respect, will at any cost avoid appearing at the Court."

So saying he held out to the Inspector a small thin piece of paper apparently a currency note valued at Rs. 500. He refused acceptance and requested the donor not to press him too far in such a momentous matter, and complimented that as a bird of the same feather Mr. Chariar should have felt better the difficulties and dangers of the situation. Mr. Krishnama Chari quitted his seat, drew Mr. Sastriar farther away and putting his arm round the neck over the shoulder, seemingly solved certain problematic points, as an immediate effect of which, Mr. Natesa Sastry added another similar sheet, and the two together were offered to the officer who in accepting pretended reluctance, impressed upon them their debt of personal obligation and did not forget to demand cash for the notes. There was a scarcity of silver. It was long before they satisfied the demand. After the acceptance of *pan* and betel and the exchange of courtsies the officer rode off followed by his men.

Though the danger, Mr. Sastriar tided over with a thousand rupees, had become impotent, yet it dyed deeper the distress of the last evening. He sat self-tortured and tormented, as his friends parted away. Every kind of labour, spiritual, intellectual or physical leaves best its impression on the face : a grave countenance, sympathetic look, unostentatious air, and renunciation of all that is wordly, mark a true devotee. Sparkling eyes, face furrowed with lineaments, a desire for more light and an ear trained to hear, bespeak the wisdom treasured within the scholar; languid eyes turning like life-less glass balls beneath a pair of spectacles, a pale bloodless face, and the stamp of premature old age, advertise the ware of the present-day graduates of the Indian Universities. But the havocs, that a single sleep-less night commits, are too many : Languid and lifeless were the eyes of Kamalammal ; whithered and white were the roses of her cheecks ; dead and dropped were the cherries of her lips, as she emerged out from a woollen blanket to attend to the domestic duties of a Hindu home. She went through the daily operation of personal cleanliness ; and picked up from the store faggots and combustibles to kindle the hearth and prepare that beverage commonly called in civilised countries as 'coffee'. The season rendered lighting the woods difficult and Kamalammal, however, got over it. She yawned frequently, threw her hands in wrathful gesture, and muttered low now and then. A string of tears like pearls dropped down from her eyes. What could have all these meant ? Why this sorrow ? Suppressed sighs swelled her snowy bosom ! She swept the kitchen with searching looks; she was alone as she had longed. Before her burned flames without, as within care and anxiety,

as resisted streams gather strength and effect a breach, her sorrowing silence swelled into a soliloquy :

"Hari ! is it all thy fortune ? What poor blessings thou hast had after all from Heaven ! How sore and sad you make your mother, who has known no happier hour than that she stayed with you ; who has had no brighter thought than that you were safe and sound and whose eyes never delighted more than when they saw you . . . . "

So absent-minded and attention-absorbed was she that the milk on the fire more than once effervescened and bounced up with vengeance beyond the brim of the vessel and quenched the flames beneath.

The diverse disturbances : the tramples of boots, the screeching sound of the hinges caused by the opening of the iron safe, the murmur of discontentment and the confidential whisper had forced their entrance into the knowledge of Kamalammal. She suddenly threw open the blinds of the nearest window and peeped through into the hall. What met her sight there ? A still more tragic scene than that her heart had hitherto disclosed : A couple of constables, with sheathed daggers dangling from their waist ; with burnished hand-cuffs in their fingers with quick caution in their eye, and grave look on their face, she saw ; paler grew her face, sadder her countenance, deeper sunk her soul in sorrow ; doubt and distress harrowed harder her heart. But she had not remained long in that unhappy state. Mr. Sastriar was soon by himself. Kamalammal, like her sex, was neither frank nor free. Entering the hall, she walked to-and-fro before her husband as if she were quite unaware of the incident that had poisoned Mr. Sastriar's peace of mind and so self-devoted to her domestic duties. Coffee was as usual brought to him. The couple had not exchanged even a single word after the last sad evening. With all the vanity of woman, Kamalammal gave no sign of impatience though her interior was inundated with it, and remained mute and moody. Mr. Sastriar coughed, shook his limb, coughed again, and with the cough dropped a query:

"Where's Hariharan?"

"Where would he be generally at this time ? I percieve no change in *me* or around *me*, nor with him. but you make up the want by too many changes that like a chamelion, colorise you and your actions."

Her observation was more mysterious than melancholising. Mr. Sastriar spoke rather surprised:

" 'Want,' 'Too many changes,' 'Chamelion,' 'Colorise', 'You', and 'Your actions.' What are these ? — so meaningless ! You never spoke in all your life so disconnectedly and disinterestedly ; and still, boast of conservatism ! What more proof of an inside-out change need we ! ".

Kamalammal did not relish his reproof, and she pined to know why the Red-turban came and went leaving so much uneasiness, at the spot he touched. She spoke as she turned round :

"Who unlocked that iron chest and left it open ?"

"Why? myself!" was the unhesitated reply.

"Why should we intrude into their secrets?" she spoke to herself in a cold-complaining tone. "God knows why he opened the safe even at this early hour ! Why he reqnired such big sums as necessitated an opening of the safe. It may be, perhaps, to book a passage to send his son to England !". Her eyes were brimful and all the struggle of the lids to guard the overflow was vain.

"What on earth is this !", exclaimed Mr. Sastriar. " she imagines that I am sending away her son. That moment her face scowles, her voice thunders, her eye flashes and rains!"

She filled a silver cup with the coffee in the *Kuja* which was so hot that clouds of smoke fumed away and transferred the contents to another to cool down to a drinkable degree of warmth.

" One rash act of mine cost me — thank God — thousand rupees, and that necessitated the opening, not that I am sending our son to England."

She looked up in amazement.

" You know it, I believe, the death of Kathan, our *Pariah*-tenant, who stole some bushels of paddy a month or two ago in our estate!"

" What if ? He might have done so to stand against a sudden starvation. He stole only his food, when his energetic labours from morn till eve should have failed to meet the want, or your agents and managers should have withheld or, postponed as often is the case, the payment of his wages. Why should it cost you thousand rupees, and that, this morning after two long months ?"

" I sincerly scorn, you know, falsehood and stealing ; on the receipt of the report from our agent, Subbramania Sastry, I went in person and inflicted an exemplary punishment on Kathan and . . . ."

"You had him tied, then, to a post, while tamarind-twigs rained heavy blows on him? Your dislike of falsehood and theft drove away from you the mercy and love of humanity; you need not be proud of it. What then?."

"'What then'! The fellow fell swooned. I mistook it for pretence at the time. A fresh shower of whipping rained on his back. He was carried home unconscious. Three days he lingered on a bed of starvation, and then slept happy for ever in the grave. I have provided the wife and young ones of the deceased with comfort and compensation. Misfortune reigns supreme now! This's what happens in every big estate every day and in every *Mut*. The Government never smells it; but some of my enemies have turned this moment to a very advantageous purpose. Some hours back, I was threatened with despise and destruction; now too, the clouds are not clearly past; *money* often does what even *men* cannot. One thousand silenced the tongue of murder, I hope, for ever."

As he bragged of his exploit and the end Kamalammal stood stupified: the words were so many daggers to her, and so overwhelmed with grief was she that more than once her attempt to speak ended in stammer:—

"Was so sadly and silently extinquished the life of one of God's noblest creation and your crime so completely covered in? You speak the existence of so many such rash land-lords! Do people call that part of the world inhabited by them *earth*, or, as it deserves, *hell*?"

She leaned on a pillar before him and with great assiduity continued the conversation:

"Pray! let me know if the Government has appointed officers to cover in cruelties like yours for such payments, or, have you bribed them?, in either way, scandalous. A good man's wealth imbibes humane thoughts, generates charitable dispositions. On the contrary, a bad man's pelf purchases him his illegitimate liberty, sows vice in him, and shall at last lift him up mercilessly to the gallows. How, I wonder, men heavily paid to protect life and lucre when money intercedes forget their duty! Can it be that Government has lost sight of the character and conduct of her servants, who let loose hell on earth?"

"You seem to think that they deal in bribery with impunity. No doubt the Police Department is open to criticism. That's how a great part of India's riches are practically cut out of use and utility. Hence the fell famines and pinching poverty of so many millions you read about in the vernacular papers! I roughly estimate India to be in possession of about three thousand Inspectors of all grades. Any one serving the department a score of years is sure to have scored some thousands which are buried safe in the bosom of the earth. Our Krishnama Chari opened his career as a writer of the S. H. O. on about Rs. 8 *per mensem*. He spent, as many do, the little parental property he inherited, on English education with the result that the University had found one limb or other of his knowledge, deformed or distorted, demanding a simultaneous perfection of all of them on each of the six times he sought admission at the door of Matriculation. He has, therefore, to die unmatriculated. For five-and-thirty years he stood on various steps of his official pinnacle . . . . "

"You may as well say: Various were the places in Southern India he pitched upon for his plunder and robbery, and . . . ."

"What a princely life he has led! He underwent what to others might have been, the costliest ceremony of getting his three daughters becomingly married. What an anomaly! He grew richer each time as men become stronger by operation and by the apparent removal of impure matters from the body. He had himself to purchase a wife when he lost his first. In spite of these drainages he is worth five-and-fifty thousands.

"He is a licensed robberer, it seems. His uniform authorises him to empty every chest without being protested or punished. These happy pirates come and go by broad daylight; while their brethren, genuine thiefs, for want of that licence and uniform, come by night and make themselves at times unhappy, especially when their tributes are not timely transmitted to those brethren in authority."

"What you have learned too much of them. The D. P. W., some ridicule it as the Department of Public Waste, is also equally bad. Our Ramu had grown fat, too fat considering his original thinness, having grazed in its fertile fields for a very long time. Why, we can pick holes in every department."

"Why!" spoke she slily, "you were not less happy in your illicit earnings; why, you had a very narrow escape when you were a Sub-Magistrate!"

Mr. Sastriar who pretended so much to love truth was a great deal wounded with a bit of it. Kamalammal having noticed his uneasiness or suffocated with the strong stinging smell the itching palms of those gentlemen emanated, gave a turn to her conversation and enticed him to the subject—the father of her thougts. He lifted up a cup of coffee and the contents disappeared, so a second and a third.

"I very well understand the cause of the change that runs through the vein of every thought, word, and action of yours of late. It is the Ghost of Kathan the *Pariah*-tenant our family is possessed with. The sin is so thick upon you, misfortune after misfortune does waylay us. We will only be acting wisely if we do not scatter the strength of our already worn-out family. Till time mends itself better, we will drop the idea of Hariharan's intellectual equipment and all guilded glory of educational warfare."

"You are not better for the night", remarked Mr. Sastriar as he put down the cup he had been tossing about after the contents were emptied into the stomach. "Still some screw is loose in the upper-story: never once in your life you spoke so stubbornly nor ever disapproved my designs. Mothers and children are everywhere; but your son and you seem strange. A mother's love must be for the son's betterment, but your love poisons his prospects and prosperity. I have exhausted all my arts to make you feel, as I do, the necessity of an early execution of my endeavours. But to no purpose. A Pharmacopœia is administered, yet the patient feels no better."

"It is the Ghost of the *Pariah*; and as such its mischief must be mighty and malignant. Pray, drown your designs, and seek purification for the sin-stained soul. We have time enough to think of our boy's education after your soul is saved and secured. Believe me, sir, the cloud of an Hymalian misfortune hovers over our roof. The change every inch of your body bristles with, is the shadow of coming calamities . . . ."

Opening on its hinges, the door ushered in a lady, middle statured, charmingly clad with a well washed *sari* that rustled as she walked. Her hair was oiled, perfumed and artistically and beautifully braided up. Her forehead was rather raised and broad, in the middle of which between the lashes and above the farther end of the nose was painted a jet dark small circular spot which charaterises, and adds tone to, the Indian beauties. Her sloping snowy shoulders, the chest, with the pair of ivory balls, tipped with azure-blue, so pressing upon each other, and the fair round upper arms, were covered under a closely fitting transparent Indian petticoat. We cannot help recollecting at the sight the very lively lines of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy (frozen) bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears?
But first set my poor heart free
Bound in those (icy) chains by thee."

Cast of a modern mould, the few ornaments she wore bespoke the fashion of the day. Her small fair feet peeped in and out of the loose hangings of her *sari* as she paced on with measured steps and a dignified carriage. Modesty made her hang down her head at the sight of Mr. Sastriar. Kamalammal tore herself away and led the feminine intruder into the recess of the house. The recipient of such an honor, must by no means be a common country woman.

MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

(A Sentimental Poem.)

—:(o):—

Of those life-ailing ills and woes, that chase
The mortals since their entrance in the world,
And till they labour egress weak and worn
Thro' the bewildering labyrinth of life, such
As bite at early youth (that like a vine
Half risen from the ground doth wavering pine
And sighs at every breath,) do impress most
On wax-like mind—yet to be hardened well—
And color the future with disheartening hues.
When yet a boy to mother-separated life
Unknown, the thought of educating me
Possest, my father's brooding mind and he
Whate'er thinks would wish should to action jump
The moment thought; my mother pleaded vain.
Torn thus and ere I know to single live
To town I came; as one on maiden journey
Starts and the road doth fearless guide, but eft
Ushers where many intersecting lie
Friendless, way-missed the trav'ller blinking stands.
I found me so, when first my life in town
Was tethered tame; where flickering Fashion did
My actions old condemn and Civilization
The customs of the land dead-letters deem.
Ah! time is rot, how many a truant-sheep
Doth from his righteous fold seducéd stray
The lawful Shepherd doth dènounce, forsake,
And Him forget. Our worldly-wrought strife! may

Union its fury tame, but man far-off
Some glowing *ignis fatuus* spies, mistakes
It for light-lending angel, and deserts
Friends kith and kin in wayless wood and runs;
And like his shadow own it faster flies
Disappears as it must, and he dismayed
His dismal situation feels but feels too late.
Way-worn, heart-broken and how! Heaven-denied
Dies like a worm! uncared and earth-refused
Perisheth he.
What is more wondrous still!
Some hearts that are of coarsest fabrics wove
With Cunning's magical art them lace-like shew;
And as a merchant whose sand-sickened eye
Longs for the blissful oasis, I sought
And found in Ram a faithful friend and true;
As days advanced we read each other more
And more our hearts had time endearing made;
At college we in self same field fed, by
One tender cared; he was my chum without.
Freed from the thraldom of book birch and master
He would to country go, and a genuine
Request sometime to spend with him and mine
Denial'd embitter his departure oth'rwise glad.
Oft have I heard him boast the rural scene
That nature partial to his village' stowed
And would a nature-nurtured Cowper's eye
Befit to view, and sing in living lines.
My eyes on such primy granduer feast
Aliking sprung in me, since addle town
Did loathesome prove. One summer ere he went
As wont, my company wished and with it
I eager closed; his rapture boundless spread;
Love's demand tho' oft denied is oftener still,
And such was Ram's
I'll not detail and detain.
But hear! we got his village free from pains
That travel may inflict, the season ere
A couple days had older grown; two more
How'er in rest were spent. The fifth eve came
We saw the moon in centre-sky; the sun
Seemed red with fury glow at her lawless
Instrusion such to reign *ere his day's done*
Which some hours hence her right possession be
"Behold a Henry king admonishing Hall
For reasons same" remarked sharp-witted Ram.
At a table rich of choicest dishes crowned
Our stomachs had, as wished, full justice found
By eight we dressed, and Ram in his night-cap
And with long ebon cudgel strong a model
Of Johnson to High-lands eager bound
Had all eyes deemed—and deemed so rightly too
Our Ram, I and a snowy firm-knit dog
Nature that night to view our company did
Complete. Sweet conversations if minds enage
Time faster flies, and mighty tasks are done
Unawares, and in his soul-subjucating
Speech how long, or how far, we walked is lost.
We left behind, some streets, where noise hard strangled
Lay breathless. But in scattered houses few
The sleepy mother sedulous sang, to lull
The child sleepless, and stubborn so, the hooks,
And cradle-chains the Friction had awoke
Which did in its monotonous sound and shrill
The lady's tuneful voice and low half drown.
"But soon behold" said Ram:—
"Yon ashy grove
Where by some common consent diverse trees
Unite, and to some charity ope have now
Their leafy arms, colossal, blossom-decked,
Have spread, against his cruel-branding rays
Of Phoebus grand who dips the naked world
In foaming flood of light, air-traversing birds
And way-worn mortals that beneath the bower
May shelter seek and draw in cooler breath,
Balmy and of varying scent and hale.
Thither we bent our hasty steps and strong
The air scent-sprinkl'd and odorous sweet we smelt
Allure'd us faster still, as Siren with her song.
Beneath the nature-built and sylvan shade
We contemplating stood thro' thousand glades
Fair Luna peeped to light the chamber dark.
The breeze the foliage rocking kept. "Look now!
My friend the moon beams dance, as trees their head
In due conformity nod, the rustling leaves
Their simple music lend, and wakeful birds
Their silent and admiring audience are.
Thus Ram a mighty interpretation made
Of nature mute—and me how wondrous struck!
A few steps more and out of it, in view
Brought us a cocoanut-tree standing lone
And high—as if it meant the heavens one day
To reach, but headless it was, and seemed it had
A tale to tell, to each listener kind: The tree
Long pensive stood and took a lordly view
Around of lakes, woods, hills and rivers that
Adorned the land, but lo! the winter last
Had wrought it so—a ruinous thunder fell
And felled its head the lady and the lord,
Of skies, it stands, in their assize may hear
Its plaint, and pity take the criminal might
Condemn—in such revenge did seem to lie
Its consolation sole, as all world's does.
Brighter shines the moon; expansive fields of corn
Mellow with ripeness and set rocking soft
By gentle zephyr seem like a silent sea
Of liquid gold; in th' winding rill, and long
The waters, that run kisssing close the banks
Filling the crevices small and touching trees
That dropping stand within their easy reach
Do seem to loiter where they can, to save
The general doom of being hurried on
And ever lost into eternal deep.
The wanton fishes, in the distant lake
That sleeping lies on glassy bosom whose
Phoebe sees her unsteady silver disc;
Up leap so sudden now and then which seems
Like the unconscious jerkings of the limbs
By deep midnight dreams.
Nature pleased us most;
In search of scenes afresh, we roamed afar
And till at last came on an upland lawn.
And we set us down on the grassy green,
Tired as we were the breeze us fanned and Ram
Did rest his head on his dog's downy back
And stretched his rest requiring limbs along.
"Nor sleep nor squander Phoebe's bounty rich
But Ram tell me some funny fable pray!

Unlock thy store house, and lose moments none
Tell me one ere we go" I asked him thus.
" Far in the north where cloud-capt mountains high
And fish-abounding rivers lie athwart,—
Ind rich in nature as was once in wealth—
Now fickle Mammon sought a kindlier shore
Alas ! man passes not for *such* without
Wealth's rosy badge ! and Famine pity-prest
Saw her departing and to people's aid
He came to send the poor to Heaven where they
Enjoyment find, as distinctions none to riches
Are paid—there in a village lived in days
Older than aged Hist'ry can knowledge boast
A shepherd meek, and kept some dozen sheep
And lived from hand to mouth ; an only son
He had, on whom the early manhood dawned
The people there, were frank and rude as what
Them nature made ; for Civilization had
The place inaccessible found, and Commerce shunned,
And knew they not whate'er their neighbours did ;
For, daily budgets none they had nor knew,
That vain world's latest victory relate,
Two matchless forces fight, the feeble foes
Like many bees hum round a giant's ear,
Ere he the crushing hands doth rise, they run
And do them hide behind a leaf, and him
Do worry so,—alas ! two nations waste
Thousands of pounds—oh pause! pounds ! whence they came ?
From the warm sweat of toiling peasants poor—
On smoky powder, and on brittle steel,
While brother nations richer grow, and thriving
Americans the steel-trade start and timely too
As capital with world's riches half or more ;
Had such long-lasting war then over-stretched
Two countries' patience too, they knew it not ;
And in such clamness led such changeless life.
The oldman's days were run, the family clung
The son's neck 'round' he kept his petty flock
And hired two willing slaves—Industry one
And Economy the oth'r, to toil for him
His wealth increase, Fortune oft tho' fickle
To him her steady favour lent, and soon
His flock first multiplied and pasture land
He bought to gaze them on, and ground to keep
His bulging fold, a cosy cot he built
Him from the slings of angry nature save ;
And still as richer grew he ardent sought
A faithful wife to change his single bed,
And to harmonious sing the hymn of life.
As time advanced his fold had many acres
Covered; and he the theme of envying many
And emulous few of brother-shepherds stood.
Doth oft it chance, that God wealth plenty gives
The bliss of children but denies, and keeps
In galling want and to the few the both
He gives, the latter curses prove and wreck,
Not so our hero, an obedient son he had,
Who ever shared his work and drove the flock,
Afield, as bade, and them did all day watch.
One eve, as wont, the flock the fold had got ;
The south did scowl, each moment darker grew
The sky, and roared ; now and then flashes few
Winked here and there, and all rainy night
Foretold ; The father-shepherd hunger felt
That pinched him keen ; and thus he spake " my boy
Look yonder ! pregnant clouds do faster tend
On winged winds to northern spiry peaks ;
Pitch dark might thieves induce our fold
To steal, or hungry tiger or *miger* may
Enter it ; watchful be and soon I come
With supper thine ; and watch-dogs all
Keep on alert."
That eve one tiger huge
Much hunger-hurt, how, know we not, amidst
The fold lay hearing what the old man said
Wherefrom a serious doubt and dreadful sprung :
Himself the tiger is, and *miger* who ?—
Of whom the old man equal mention made ;
He in such fear his hunger lost ; he thought
He must escape ere *miger* comes and thus
With terror crouching lay the spiritless beast.
How unhappily do things happen in this world
The very eve some lovéd guests arrived
In a thief's house, there were provisions none
For morrow's feast, the master and his son
The old man's sheep to plunder thought that night,
Both to the fold had stealthily come to steal
The fattest beast that greatest flesh would yield
And one sheep after another they by neck
Them held at last both to th' tiger came
Who nimious neck possessed ; they gladder grew ;
The beast in sorrow sank, in miger's grasp
He dreamt to be, and himself gave up to Fate's
Unchanging law. The father and the son
Did slowly raise the heavy booty rich
And with it glided away in joy and triumph
Homeward in haste.
The clouds were clearly past,
The dangers too that hovered o'er the fold ;
The Lord of day did thro' his window peep
In crimson-crested East ; the bearers twain
Hard breathing and hard sweating, with the light
Did midway spy the cruel claws and sharp,
And terror-tortured down him bore, and ran
Pell-mell, and hid in a creeper-clothed temple by ;
The beast too, rich with joy took to his heels
Freed, as he thought, from bloody jaws of death,
There stood a wily fox who watched them all
And saying thus arrested he the tiger's flight :—
" How coward art thou brother ! stay ! and why
Thus runnest thou ? afraid art thou of men ?"
" *Men* ? ah thou ? silly thing ! They *migers* are ?
And know thee not a second birth is mine ?"
" What ? brother art thou mad ? Ha ! *miger* what ?
Fear not of such and surely men are they—
Stay, will I prove them so, and list to me
The shepherds daily butter milk and rice:
In sacrifice offer to the sooty stone
Within the temple, wherein have they hidden
And every night with th' long tail the latch,
That fastens close the gate would lift, them eat;
The foolish folk know me not, but they think
How well God in their absence feasts on them!
And offer more, and thus a life of ease I lead;
Of late I have of blood, so greedy growu
And thou, to boot, dost hungry seem, why then
Thus lingerst thou? my tail shall ope the door

And thou, shalt soon with fury pounce on them
And lifeless tear—a merry feast—Ho ! Ho !—
A happy day."
The fox in triumph ran
On to gate. and forced in his tail
Thro' some opening in the wooden plank
The tiger on his heals far gazing stood; [firm
The thieves who had the haranguing heard caught
The tail, and set on flames with an oil lamp,
That feebly burned within. As rises up
The silver—fluid in heat-measuring tubes
When bulbs are warmed, the blood from tail to face
Had run; he yelled aloud as if dear death
He called, him from pain to sooner free.
The tiger did in mockery laugh and ran
His joyous was. The thives did pray to God
That saved them so and homeward gladly went.
And now, my friend a moral sound doth teath
This simple story old—what Shakespeare told
In golden words:*that best safety lies in fear.*
Thus ending, he his tongue in silence dropt.
A sudden wind aninky curtain drew
That Luna in his monstrous bosom hid
And soon a gloomy veil on nature spread.
Some men, who circumstances-cast do shine
Brighter than common mortals we, their smiles
Do many seek, them papers loudly praise
Their frown to many woeful ruin brings
They like the moon among the petty stars
Their luster lucid shed, the world enjoys,
Some woes, as they too mortals are, molest
Their peace and joy, and suffers the world in turn;
The higher we stand the more should dread the fall.
We saw the moon-beams struggle hard through clouds
Where thinner were.
Homeward as we felt back
Our way and reeling half with drowsy sleep,
Ram out from me a verbal promise wrung:—
His seasoning seeds of light inspired brain
In my miss-manure'd soil of poesy sow.

MUSES BOWER, MADRAS. M. H. SANKAY.

To be continued.

REVIEWS.

SOME TAMIL BOOKS.

:o:

SIDDHANTA VACHANA BUSHANAM.

Tamil students of Saiva Siddhanta philosophy owe a debt of gratitude to Pandit P. Kalyanasundra Mudaliar for this very able and instructive work. While not lacking in profoundness or accuracy, the treatise is written in simple and lucid Tamil prose; and we know of no better introduction to Saiva Siddhanta than this book which we heartily recommend to the carfeul attention of all interested in the study of that philosophy. The older classical works of Siddhanta, சிவஞானபோதம், சித்தியார், சிவப்பிரகாசம், தத்துவப்பிரகாசம். &c. being written in verse and in a terse and condensed style, have to be studied with the help of commentaries which are themselves not easy to understand or master. We therefore esteem the work under review as a thrice welcome addition to Siddhanta literature in Tamil, supplying a real want which has long been felt.

The work is divided into twelve chapters. The first treats of Pathi (The Supreme Being); the second of Pasu (the subordinate souls) the third of Pasa (Bondage or Radical impurities); the fourth of சத்து & அசத்து (Reality & non Reality); the fifth of தசகாரியம் (the ten manifestations); the sixth of அவத்தை; the seventh of உணர்த்துமுறை; the eighth of தீக்கை; the ninth of சாதனம்,— the tenth of ஞானம்; the eleventh of ஞானி; the last of. முத்தி; From this analysis of the contents of the work it will be seen that the whole ground of Saiva Siddhanta philosophy is traversed and that a study of the book would be sufficient to give one a fair and for many purposes adequate knowledge of that school of religious thoughts. The author Mr. P. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar, is an ardent and indefatigable worker in the field of Saiva Siddhanta & Tamil literature; and we cordially congratulate him on this work of great merit and excellence which he has now given to the public.

KAMALINI:

BY

Mr. S. Ramaswami Ayengar B.A.

We read with intense interest this Tamil Romance from first to last. It is highly instructive and well adopted to suit the taste of the public. The style is decidedly simple and sonorous. Each chapter is crowned with a matter after the fashion of English novels.

The get-up of the work being nothing to be desired. But the price of it is a little too hard.

DAMAYANTI.

(*A Tamil Drama*).

The Tamil-reading world has of late been inundated with a flood of Vernacular novels and dramas, some, good, and most of them bad and useless, so much so, people often are misguided in their selections and purchases. At a time like the present moment the publication of Damayanti a Tamil Drama by Mr. P. Siva B.A. L.T., cannot but be welcome to the lovers of Tamil literature. The name of the heroine must recommend itself to every Hindu, male or female. The manner and mode that Mr. Siva has treated with is quite unique; some of the scenes are not easily forgettable. The book is illumined with a fine engraving of Damayanti.

We sincerely wish Mr. Subramanier, the enterprising publisher brings out more works of this kind in future and benefits the public. The credit of having executed the work so handsomely goes to the pocket of the C. N. Press. *Broadway Madras.* (Price As. 9)

NOTES.

We call our reader's attention to the following correspondence sent by the Honorary Secretary of the Humanitarian League, Chancery Lane, London, W. C. and commend our readers to extend their sympathy and cooperation in the efforts of the League to promote Humanitarianism :—

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

:o:

To the Editor.

of

SIDDHANTA DEEPIKA.

Sir,—Will you permit me to draw your readers' attention to the Humanitarian League, and association of thinkers and workers, irrespective of class or creed, who have united for the sole purpose of humanising, as far as is possible, the conditions of modern life? The main principle of the League is that "it is iniquitous to inflict avoidable suffering on any sentient being", and it endeavours to assert and apply this principle by placing on record a systematic protest against the numerous barbarisms of civilisation—the cruelties inflicted by men on men, and the not less atrocious ill-treatment of the lower animals. It is our desire to show that Humanitarianism is not merely a kindly sentiment, a produt of the heart rather than of the head, but an integral portion of any intelligible system of Ethics or Social Science.

Among the chief subjects that have been treated in the League's publications, or discussed at its meetings, the following may be mentioned :—The Reform of the Criminal Law and Prison System; Capital and Corporal Punishments; War and Arbitration; the Sweating System; the Poor Laws; Dangerous Trades; Women's Wages; Public Control of Hospitals; the Game Laws; Compulsory Vaccination; Cruel Sport; Vivisection; the Slaughter of Animals for Food; the Protection of Birds; Treatment of Horse; the Game Cats, and other domestic animals. In addition to its journal, The Humanitarian, the League publishes a series of pamphlets, designed to deal in brief business-like way with such humanitarian questions, human and animal alike, as may from time to time be specially urgent or opportune.

The Humanitarian League may claim credit for recent improvements in the Criminal Law and Prison System, the defeat of more than one Flogging Bill, the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds, and other practical successes achieved during its ten years of activity; and still more, perhaps, for the increasingly favourable attitude of society; and the press towards humanitarian questions in general. It is possible that some of your readers, who hitherto may not have heard of the League, will desire to become associated with it, and I shall be glad to send fuller information about its work and publications, terms of membership, etc., to anyone who communicates with me.

Yours faithfully,

Henry S. Salt,

Hon. Secretary.

Humanitarian League,

53, Chancery Lane, London, W.C

The New Age.

:o:

37, Cursitor Street, E.C.

Cutting from issue dated April 24—02.

A Demorcatic Quarterly.

We have just received vol. 2 of "The Humane Review" (Ernest Bell, 4s 6d. net) containing the last three numbers of 1901, and number one of 1902. This excellent quarterly review (which can be purchased for the modest price of one shilling per number) should be in all our democratic clubs and public libraries, and if any of our readers are not yet acquainted with it they will do well to become subscribers. In this second volume the high standard of the "Humane Review" is fully maintained. Mr. J. M. Robertson on "War at the Century's End," Mr. J. Connelon "The Game Laws," Mr. Arthur Harvie on "Richard Jefferies," a poem by Ernest Crosby, Mr. H. S. Salt on "Shelley as Pioneer," and the Rev. A. L. Lilley on "Robert Buchanan," are surely an attractive bill of fare. Then there are articles by the Rev. W. D. Morrison, Miss Edith Carrington, Miss I O. Ford, Mr Joseph Collinson, Mr. Edmund Selous, Miss Honnor Morten, Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, Mr. Ernest Bell, and many others. Altogether 'tis an interesting and valuable publication this "Humane Review," doing splendid service for the humanitarian cause.

THE ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES.

The following letter has been addressed to the Head Master of Eton by the Humanitarian League:—

Sir,—We are informed by the Provost of Eton that, in reply to our recent memorial on the subject of the Eton Beagles, the Governing Body of Eton College has passed a resolution that the matter is one, in which the Governing Body "ought not to interfere with the Head Master's discretion."

This being so, we venture to appeal to you personally, in the hope that you will see your way to the adoption of a course which, while not affecting the existence of the Beagles as an old Eton institution, would put an end to certain barbarous features of

the sport which have caused widespread disapproval —the "breaking up" of hares and "blooding" of hounds as a mere recreation for school boys. What we ask of you is not the discontinuance of the Beagles but the conversion of the hare-hunt into a drag-hunt, a pastime which, as experienced sportsmen have testified, is capable of giving the fullest amount of healthful and manly exercise, without the taint of cruelty. If this suggestion were adopted, there would be no physical loss, but much moral gain, to the boys under your charge ; and Eton would be freed from a disgrace to which no other public school is liable.

We make this appeal to you with the more confidence because we observe that, together with the Provost of Eton, you have just been re-elected a member of the local Committee of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which is engaged in forming Bands of Mercy in the Windsor and Eton District for the purpose of "educating the rising generation"; and you are doubtless aware that the doings of the Eton Beagles have been officially stated to be "contrary to the principles of the parent Society."

Yours faithfully,

Ernest Bell.

(*Chairman:*)

Humanitarian League,

53. Chancery Lane, W. C.

FLOGGING SCENES AT DARTMOOR.

Sir,—Dartmoor Prison seems to require an overhauling. Only a few weeks ago two convicts were flogged by order of the Board of Visitors, one of the men being awarded 18 strokes with the birch, and the other 24 lashes with the "cat." And now we read in *The Standard* of August 14th :—

"The convict Davies, in Dartmoor Prison, who recently assaulted Principal Warder Kelly by dangerously kicking him, has since received 18 lashes with the 'cat'—a punishment ordered by the Board of Visitors. *As he was taken down from the triangle he declared he would be hung for something yet.* It has transpired that shortly before this attack Major Briscoe, the Deputy-Governor, was assaulted by a convict named Watson, who was undergoing cell punishment for this. Watson received 12 lashes, and has since been removed to Portland."

The italics are ours. We have always said that severity defeats its object—leads to fresh and worse crimes. The foregoing is an instance, of which there are many. It appears to us that if the Governor and Deputy-Governor of Dartmoor cannot rule without flogging, they should be got rid of, and their places given to more capable men.—Yours faithfully,

Joseph Collinson.

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